

CAPTURING AN INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

Stratagem Necessary to Cage the Unwieldy Monster.

By Dr. J. H. PORTER.

It is rather a vague way of speaking to say Indian rhinoceros, because there are at least two species of this animal in India, besides several varieties belonging to the single and double-horned groups. The creature we are concerned with, however, was distinctively Asiatic. An immense, unwieldy, hideous brute, six feet high at the shoulder, having one short, thick, sharp-pointed horn, and its body covered by plates of armor-like skin. This investiture will not turn rifle-balls, however, as many have been misled into believing; on the contrary, it is so soft and sensitive that beasts of the kind referred to are tormented by insects living in an almost amorphous life. They wallow among swamps most of their time, and the great Brahmaputra Valley, where these scenes occurred, has endless morasses, jheels, hayons, and wet reed-beds, in which the large one-horned rhinoceros takes shelter. In its upper reaches this grand river flows through a comparatively wild and sparsely-populated country. Tigers and wild elephants abound there, but a rhinoceros's cunning towards the latter is a myth, and as for "Stripes," he cares nothing about him. So that mud, coarse grass, and twigs to browse on are forthcoming, together with solitudes that may be

all varieties the sense of smell is acute beyond comparison.

Our enterpriser's desire to capture this creature without injury had been growing stronger ever since a remembrance of his neighbor's capture occurred to him. He explained to his followers in an urbane manner, customary with Indian magnates when making addresses under excitement, that if any misbegotten son of an owl did harm, such tortures should be inflicted as would make him long for the infernal regions. Then turning upon Nuzzur Punt, and remarking that much better hunters than himself had been crucified, he demanded how this brute was to be got into its cage instantly.

In truth, the question was not an easy one to answer. Beyond stood a creature, formidably armed, of immense size and strength, absolutely certain to fight if cornered; how, indeed, was it to be got into such a box as we brought with us? Our Shikari, however, proved equal to the occasion. He said rhinoceroses were fools; this one, being confused by his Highness's splendor, was especially imbecile, and if the baited trap should be placed in a very narrow place, those men who watched beyond withdrawn, while the force present urged him forward, it was to be expected that, when left to himself awhile, he would walk into the cage of his own accord. Contrariwise, and in case the Pres. eace's good fortune failed to triumph, they might rope him with coils innumerable. Those idle devils standing about should exert themselves, whether they got ripped or not, but in that alternative he feared the precious creature's skin might get scratched.

The strategic maneuver having precedence, we rode back to where our cart awaited, and then accompanied it on a detour around one side of the gorge, until opposite that contraction Nuzzur Punt had reined to. Here ropes were flung across to a working party

of his cage already floored, and thus permitted it to be finished.

Nothing but carting him home was left to see, a commonplace operation none cared to witness; therefore we mounted and rode away with an enlarged conception of the Asiatic rhinoceros's imbecility, as displayed during that particular method of capture which has been described.

THE CAPTURE OF MANILA.

Gen. Greene Tells What Passed Into American Hands by the Terms of the City's Surrender.

In the second paper on the Philippines campaign, which appears in the April Century, Maj. Gen. V. Greene tells just what fell into American hands by the capture of Manila.

"In capturing Manila we took 13,000 prisoners, or nearly 5,000 more than our own force, and 22,000 small arms, 10,000 rounds of ammunition, about 70 pieces of modern artillery of various calibers, several hundred ancient bronze pieces, an elaborate fortification of the Vaux type with nearly three miles of parapet, an outer line of field defenses nearly seven miles in length, a city of about 200,000 inhabitants, and \$200,000 in public money. This had been done without permitting any pillage or disorder, although the city was filled with natives hostile to its nominal possessors, with whom they had been in strife for many years. As Gen. Merritt said in his report, this was an act which only the law-shedding, temperate, resolute American soldier, well and skillfully handled by his regimental and brigade commanders, could accomplish. It was 24 days since the rebels opened the city and its inhabitants against my brigade had landed near the Spanish trenches, and our total losses had been only 20 killed and 45 wounded, a loss which, all-important as it was to

DIRECT FROM HONDURAS

comes the strongest, purest, and most expensive sarsaparilla in the world. It comes to the United States to make Ayer's and only Ayer's

No other sarsaparilla maker feels that he can afford to use Honduras sarsaparilla. Ayer's can afford to use nothing else.

Honduras sarsaparilla costs 31½ cents a pound; Mexican, 4½ cents a pound; and American, 3½ cents a pound.

There's a good deal of talk nowadays about best Sarsaparillas, but it's pretty hard to get the best out of a medicine unless you put the best in it; and who does this but Ayer's? So sure is this old Company that

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

[which made Sarsaparilla famous]

is the best in the World that they don't hesitate to say that one bottle of Ayer's is worth three bottles of any other kind.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.



THE RHINOCEROS MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD THE TRAP.

traversed at will, the shy and lonely animal is startled. Here, therefore, is its favorite haunt, and there is not much use in looking for specimens anywhere else.

Our party had come down from the mountains north of Bhotan, and were guests of a sporting native magnate, the Talookdar Dharma Singh, whose possessions lay near Rungpore. His residence exhibited a queer mixture of barbaric splendor and an attempt at civilized furnishing; but there was no pretense about this potentate's human belongings, for the scores of retainers were as uncouth a set of picturesque semi-barbarians as anyone could hope to see. Among other satellites Dharma Singh of course included a band of Shikaris—hereditary hunters—who ranged the country and brought him news of large game.

One sweltering day Nuzzur Punt, chief of these trackers, advanced himself into his master's presence, and said that by reason of heaven's well-known partiality for his son of wealth, the blackest, biggest, boldest rhinoceros mortal eyes ever beheld had been sent into their neighborhood, and was now waiting his highness's pleasure. Heat-languor disappeared instantly, all were afoot, and amidst our host's hasty directions for the coming hunt, everyone drew on riding-boots, assumed sun-helmets, besides looking carefully to rifles and cartridge-belts.

In the first moments of joyous excitement Dharma Singh courted upon killing this brute; but shortly betwixt himself and one Hosen Yar Jung Bahadur, living not far off, possessed a captive of the kind—and who was he? a mere second-rate Talookdar, an upstart, scarcely able to count lack his ancestry for 500 years. Could such a distinction be tolerated? "H! ye accursed. Where is the tiger's trap I ordered prepared? Tear out its front end, break down the partition, and provide stout bamboos to fill it in. Sahibs, we will capture this infidel, and if he is contumacious, then let him die."

As we descended into the courtyard to mount, a broad, square platform car carrying what looked like a small log cabin with its chimneys unstoppered, drew up in front of the main gateway. This was our expected quarry's cage, and fully three-score plunging, prancing horsemen arrayed in lustrous habiliments of vivid hues, with as many footmen equally dilapidated, surged and screamed and cursed around it. That is the style in which important persons here go hunting. They have about as much idea of any proper proceedings under such circumstances as a Hindu has of skates.

The head Shikari led us towards that point where his men were watching, and long before it was reached stood dead choked Dharma Singh's tumultuous retinue into quietness. After a time the light, friable surface-soil of that unulating plain upon which we rode began to be mixed with gravelly clay; its low rounded ridges rose up into hills, often separated by sharply-cut ravines, and withered shrubs set in clumps gave place to stunted trees. Here and there patches of elephant or tiger grass appeared, while shallow depressions, sometimes smooth and sometimes tussocky, showed that this was an inundation region sculptured by floods.

The rhinoceros, as some scouts informed us, had been driven into a deep and narrow gulch, where he still remained, kept there in the simplest and most natural manner by men who understood the traits and habits of his species perfectly. It would have been like trying to stop a whirlwind with incantations, this plan so successfully put in practice here, if the brute had belonged to African groups. Rhinoceroses of that country are, perhaps, bolder, more fierce and implacable, than any other wild beasts. They constantly seek occasions for aggression, and will charge when man's scent reveals his presence, without waiting to catch sight of his enemy.

This rhino represented a more amiable confraternity—otherwise he might have escaped easily; for nothing was done but build an intrenchment of stones, logs and thorn-bushes behind him, and put two men in front whose odor would blow down the gulch towards his exquisitely sensitive nostrils. No animals of this order see walls; but with

on the opposite side, and between both bodies the heavy trap was lowered without difficulty. Piles of stout staves had been brought to make its opening secure, which now used as levers soon set the structure in proper position. It nearly closed the gulch at that point, where pickets were sent with brush speckled in all directions. No doubt this beast could have broken through, and so with wild elephants driven into a keddah. Neither, however, know how to apply their strength on critical occasions; they always use it at the wrong moment, and fail—elephants because hysterical agitation seizes them crazy, and a rhinoceros for the reason that he has no sense at any time.

After completing these arrangements everybody got back again in rear of our quarry, who was reported to be standing still. When the Talookdar and his guests walked cautiously within sight there, indeed, stood the huge brute, looking as perfectly placid as if no enemy were within a thousand leagues. Nothing prevented us from seeing all that went on, for, like many other dangerous beasts, it never looked up. Moreover, unless very close and in motion, men whose effluvia did not reach its nostrils would not have been recognized.

Then came the tug of war. Some attendants came quietly up the ravine, and off went our rhinoceros in an opposite direction, making good time, too, considering his short legs. Catching sight of the stopped-up exit, he wheeled and came galloping back, making those absurd little sounds which are so incongruous with such a vast bulk.

Of course, everyone fled or climbed out of reach, except one unfortunate wretch whose hand-clasp on the crumbling wall gave way and sent him down under the animal's feet. Bringing up with a sudden wrench not to have been expected in so awkward an animal, the rhinoceros swung his great head, and a single rip tore his prostrate foe completely open. One shrill yell and he was dead; that frightful injury had been inflicted almost as quickly as a sword-cut. Instead of going mad, however, squealing, prancing, stamping on and goring the body, as its African relative would have done, this creature quieted down after some aimless plunges; furthermore, it apparently forgot where it was going, and walked back again toward the cage.

"Seeing is believing," says an old proverb, but there needed to be actual observation in order that one should credit the surpassing stupidity of what followed. This overgrown idiot sauntered along, stopping now and then with a preposterous appearance of thinking about something, and then driving on to his ignominious end, came upon the trap again. That did not frighten him now—far from it. If he had been born there the place could scarcely have been more familiar. Poking his ugly nose about, he snipped off some thorn twigs, and naturally never saw the bait of fresh brush until it became impossible to overlook this any longer; then he deliberately walked in.

The compartment was broad and high enough not to inconvenience him, but the only way of getting out was by heaving, and that instantly became impossible. A dozen trackers leaped down silently as shadows, and with the dexterity acquired by perfect training slipped those thick bamboos which they carried into apertures provided for them. The situation had dawned upon his weak mind by this time. He attempted to back and could not; there was no room for turning round, and being unable to get any headway, the bars in front merely bent without breaking. These ineffectual efforts excited another angry-lived fit of rage, during which the brute performed a war dance to an accompaniment of its own ridiculous whistling, but as all of this stamping was done upon solid earth, no body wished to interfere before the break-down ceased spontaneously.

Now all that remained was to make a floor after the same fashion adopted when an angry tiger has fallen into a pit, though it could be done more easily. There existed no need for throwing earth through bars until their captive rose to the surface, so they simply inserted heavy bamboos and lashed them firmly making an end by punching the prisoner till he pranced over on that part

the families of those killed, was totally insignificant in comparison with the results obtained. The navy furnished the artillery, of various calibers, in overwhelming numbers, and mounting on a movable platform, enabling it to move past the enemy's flank, enfilade his lines, and, if necessary, inflict enormous damage upon the city and its inhabitants, the rebels opened the city to the water side. The insurgents had furnished a force which, unorganized and poorly equipped as it was, nevertheless was sufficient to capture the waterworks and prevent any food from entering the city, thus leaving the population dependent on rain for water, and on such food supplies as happened to be in the city. The army had done the fighting on land, without which neither the navy nor the insurgents could have brought the matter to a successful conclusion. The small loss incurred was due to the skillful plans of the army commander, Gen. Merritt, who posted his troops in the fields in such a way that the rebels were completely surrounded, and his troops all in position, so that the attack could be made in an orderly, systematic manner, overcoming all resistance. Seeing this, the defenders made only a feeble defense, realizing that a stronger one would simply have increased their loss without in any way changing the result.

English Tramps.

Good Words.

While some vagabonds remain in the country during the winter, there is none the less a general exodus from the road in the Autumn. In the south the professional wayfarer's last chance of obtaining a night's rest is at "hopping"; in the north, at "tatter scratching." Thousands of vagrants rely on one or the other industry to get a winter's stock of food, and, as the winter sets in, they begin to tide them over the beginning of the town season. Comparatively seldom, however, do they reach their winter quarters with much money.

Incredible as it may seem, it is yet a fact that every Autumn a number of London's wretches tramp into Kent for no other purpose than that of "going through" or "robbing—poor" "hoppers"; and vagrants, notwithstanding that they are versed in the ways of the sneak thief and hide their money more regularly than their wash themselves, are victimized as readily as are toiling East Enders. Other tramps squander their earnings before they reach town.

Aguinaldo in a Bad Way.

Philadelphia Record.

If it be true, as reported, that Aguinaldo is beginning to feel the pinch of his own army, he is in a bad way. A strong confirmation of the previous report of the probable collapse of the Filipino struggle against American domination. There could be no stronger evidence of the desperate fortunes of the insurgent leader.

IN FEARFUL TORTURE.

DANBY, Wis.

To be flayed alive is a terrible ordeal, and yet this is almost the experience of Mr. Chas. Lisau, one of our citizens. He relates it to Dr. Peter Fahrney, of Chicago, Ill., as follows: "I must write and tell you of a remarkable case which you Blood Vitalizee has brought about. My whole body was covered with a skin eruption, which itched terribly. I was in such agony that I would scratch and tear the skin to pieces, and the blood would flow. This would give me relief for a short time, but I would soon be as bad as ever. Last Fall I happened to get hold of your paper, The Surprise, wherein I read about your Blood Vitalizee. I sent for a trial box. I had used the medicine but a short time, when a clear and fresh skin formed. I began to feel better, and in three weeks my whole body was covered with a clear skin. I have been well ever since. Accept my heartfelt thanks for what your Vitalizee has done for me. I shall always have one thing in mind, and that is to recommend your remedy to others." Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizee is not a drug, store medicine. Only special local agents sell it. For particulars, address Dr. P. Fahrney, 112-114 South Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE CHARGE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

Gallant Work of the Western Boys at Manila in the First Battle.

A correspondent of the New York Sun gives a vivid story of the gallantry of the Western volunteers at Manila, where the rebels opened the battle by the attack of Feb. 5.

The men of Co. E, 1st Colo. Vols., stood clear out of the bushes, and even piled on top of the little natural mound behind which they had been lying all night, and from which they had been pumping Springfield lead at flashes from insurgent rifles across the hill. Even Capt. Rucker forgot to shelter his ribs from the scratching, singing Mausers, and rose straight up to witness the charge of the three companies to the left, on Blockhouse No. 5, the first charge of the Filipino-American war, and the charge which scattered the insurgents, like fire in a haystack, down along the firing line of the Eighth Corps; the charge which bred victory, and resulted in victory after victory against the insurgents throughout that eventful day.

"Look there! Look there! There are a hundred of those black devils trying to cut off this way!"

"First platoon! Forward to the charge!" sang out Capt. Rucker.

There was a rush and a scramble, and they were off. The Captain devoted his energies to convincing the men of the second platoon that they did not belong to the first, and that it was their duty to cover the advance with plenty of fire. The lucky men of the first platoon bounded like grayhounds toward the strongholds of the insurgents. Bullets from blockhouses on the right and left popped and chugged in the earth around them.

The men of Cos. B, K, and L advanced by rushes, firing as they went and yelling like fiends. The tiny village of Balic-Balic stood in the way to the somber blockhouse on the ridge. A ripping fire came from the windows of the ruined stone chapel and from the dense bushes. Calson, of Co. L, pitched heavily forward, shot through the head. Weaver, of Co. B, a moment later, dropped and grabbed his leg. Closer and closer they came to the very entrance of the lion's den, and another Co. L man dropped, but his comrades had seen two sombreros, which had been peeping for an instant around a mound of earth, topple suspiciously over.

Down from the right came the chargers of Co. E. It was a three-sided hell for the Filipinos. One by one they lost heart, dropped their guns, and broke for the blockhouse, 200 yards away. Not a Filipino from Balic-Balic ever got there. Like a pigeon released from the trap one bounded with all his harefooted energy for 20 feet, and rolled over at the crack of half a dozen rifles. Another tried it, and got a few feet further. Another reached a shallow rice field. He poked up his head to shingle further, and off went his top. It was desperate bravery which made the concealed snipers shoot him out to the last, but they finally realized that

their cause was lost, and broke across the open like frightened sheep. The Co. E men were there to meet them, and the other companies closed up so fast that there was for a moment danger of one United States soldier shooting another. Occasionally a Filipino would fall forward, apparently dead, until he was fairly under the heels of the Americans, and then foolishly rise and attempt to gain safety. To shoot a man at six feet range with a Springfield rifle is a hard thing to do, but the orders were to let no insurgent live, and off would go the whole side of his head, or he would fall with a wound through his abdomen large enough to drop a potato through.

"Look out for those devils in the top of the blockhouse," warned the men coming up on the left, who perhaps had lingered a little long to enjoy the rabbit hunt at the village.

"Why, those are our men, ye chump. Don't shoot at 'em."

It was indeed a fact. The blockhouse had already been occupied and shots were ripping their way through the cupola at the very Filipinos who had detained the place a few moments before.

The charge had been a distinct success, and had been seen down along the line. And look! It is being imitated. A long waving line of skirmishers is pitching and tumbling along the hill into the very teeth of Blockhouse No. 6, and as the men who charged No. 5 rest on their laurels for a moment and look off toward the smoke and early morning mist,

a squad of men leap over the earthworks in front of the fort, and then empty, and dive on into the house to shoot from there the scores of insurgents scattering in terror for the hills. Like wildfire the fun spread. Nebraska swarmed all around the strongest blockhouse on the line, saw it occupied, and proceeded to clean up a village nearby.

At South Dakota, on the left of Colorado, made an impetuous sweep for No. 4, which had been irritating them throughout the night, and drove the Filipinos not only from it, but almost a mile beyond before the charge could be stopped. A Regular describes the South Dakota charge as the most reckless and daring thing he ever saw. "Why, those fellows do not know any better than to walk right into an enemy," said he. He spoke the truth, for the volunteers, in the enthusiasm of the moment, discarded all the formalities of war, such as rushing from one vantage-point to another and lying down for a few shots, and dashed at the enemy from the open pretty much as tigers do for their prey.

The advance once started, it had never been stopped. Monuments were raised at each point, in the shape of pillars of smoke. The successes on the line east of the city were first heralded in the bright morning air, and then they followed along the entire line. Village after village and hut after hut was burned to preclude trickery by lurking foes. They burned all through the day.

While Cos. I and D of the Colorado

regiment forged their way toward the waterworks with the Nebraskans during the day, the other companies cleared the country in front of them and gathered breath for another grand advance.

The Hospital Corps consigned three Colorado volunteers to the deathhouse at the military hospital, and took five men in charge to nurse their wounds. Burying details gathered up the bodies of Filipinos which lay about the rice pastures in groups of two and three. Twenty-four were buried in one long trench. Some one posted over the spot the placard:

"The wounded Filipinos were left uncared for until the last white man had been bandaged and placed at ease, and then they were buried in the Reserve Hospital, where their countrymen from the city were impressed into the service of caring for them."

It has been a volunteers' battle up to date. The Regulars at Manila have awarded the palm to the boys who do not go to war for the money there is in it. They admit that the volunteers, such as were made on Sunday, Feb. 5, against the insurgents could have been performed only by volunteers. The volunteers have been engaged. The volunteers charged the line infanteries coming generally in the order named. Taking the infantry, the pay is as follows: Lieutenant, \$5. 6d. a day; Second Lieutenant, \$5. 3d. a day; Sergeant-Major, \$4. 6d. a day; Sergeant, \$4. 4d. a day; Orderly Room Sergeant, \$3. 8d.; Sergeant, \$3. 4d.; Corporal, \$3. 2d.; Private, \$3. 0d. Officers do not get long service pay because they are every place in a certain number of years. Enlisted men get "good conduct" pay, and \$3 a year is added to each man's pay for seven years to be given him on his leaving the army to go into the reserve.

After 21 years' service enlisted men are pensioned at from 13d. a day to 2s. 9d. A man is not pensioned for wounds, in theory; but if he is disabled he is pensioned for good conduct, in the case. An officer is not pensioned, but retired for wounds on half or whole pay, and may receive also a "gratuity."

In the Philippines. "What ho!" the General shouted. The warrior drew his dirk. "What! Hoe?" he answered. "Never! 'I'd rather fight than work.'"



A BAND OF ARMED INSURGENTS.